

## Gangsta's paradise – Coolio

As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
I take a look at my life and realize there's nothing left  
Cause I've been blastin' and laughin' so long, that  
Even my momma thinks that my mind is gone,  
But I never crossed a man that didn't deserve it  
Me be treated like a punk, you know that's unheard of  
You better watch how ya talkin' and where ya walkin'  
Or you and your homies might be lined in chalk  
I really hate to trip but I gotta loc',  
As they croak, I see myself in the pistol smoke,  
Fool, I'm the kinda G that little homies wanna be like,  
On my knees in the night  
Sayin' prayers in the street light

Been spending most their lives  
Livin' in a gangsta's paradise  
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Livin' in a gangsta's paradise  
We keep spending most our lives  
Livin' in a gangsta's paradise  
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Look at the situation, they got me facing  
I can't live a normal life, I was raised by the street  
So I gotta be down with the 'hood team  
Too much television watching got me chasing dreams  
I'm an educated fool with money on my mind  
Got MAC-10 in my hand and a gleam in my eye  
I'm a loc'd out gangsta, set tripping banger  
And my homies is down so don't arouse my anger  
Fool, death ain't nothing but a heart beat away  
I'm living life do or die, what can I say  
I'm twenty-three now, but will I live to see twenty-four  
The way things is going I don't know

Tell me why are we  
So blind to see  
That the ones we hurt  
Are you and me  
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Power in the money, money in the power  
Minute after minute, hour after hour  
Everybody's running, but half of them ain't looking  
What's goin' on in the kitchen,  
But I don't know what's cookin'  
They say I gotta learn  
But nobody's here to teach me  
If they can't understand it, how can they reach me?  
I guess they can't I guess they won't I guess they front  
That's why I know my life is out of luck, fool!

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych